

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, December 3, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Denver, Inter Ocean Hotel Sunday, Dec. 3rd., 1876. My dear Alec:

I received yours of Nov. 23rd. at Cheyenne yesterday and was delighted to hear from you and to know you are doing so well. I am very anxious to hear how your new instrument succeeds. You said nothing about it. I hope the experiment between Boston and Salem was a success. I am thankful that the specification is on it's way at last and hope you may be able to procure patents without incurring any debts. I have a great dread of them having an idea how they weigh down one when unable to pay them. But I am extremely sorry you think of giving up your Christmas visit home. Your Mother will be so disappointed and will not think much better of Telephony as it's cause, or us for encouraging it. I do wish I could help you, but of course you, like every other foolishly honorable man, prefer to borrow of every one else rather than the one who is most interested in your success or failure, so I shall not offer. I am afraid Mr. Pollock will think your visit to Washington a necessity. I should be sincerely sorry to have you come, if it were a means of your running into debt, much as I should delight to see you. I do want to see you once more dear. Mamma writes that Mr. Bradley is making all manner of complaints about our house, I wish you could know how things really are. When does Mrs. Thomas Sanders propose to visit there, she told me she intended to go. We reached Denver last night at eight. We staid a while at Cheyenne driving about the town, which is composed of poor one-story houses with a fine large brick schoolhouse and some good stores, where we were shown some Thousand dollars worth of gold-dust and solid pieces — 2 also some really handsome jewellery they make there.

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The ground was covered with a little snow, they said high up as they were, and little as the quantity was they had not had so much snow for years. The undulating prairie through which we passed on our way here was covered with just a coat of snow looking so like sugar frosting on cake, that it was really tantalizing not to be able to stop and eat some. Then we had a glorious sunset. All the fiery glow confined to one sees above the sun, where the clouds were, the rest of the sky varying in all pale colors from light greens and blues to pale flush lilac. Denver calls itself "City", boasts street railroads, half a dozen "first class" (fairly good) hotels numerous small wooden houses, a few fine residences and no real school edifice is far as I can see. The one to which Mr. Keafe escorted Sister and myself was a barn-like structure and the floor shook so when the sexton walked through during service. The day has been bright and warm and the situation, with snow-covered mountains all around in the distance — beautiful -. Papa and Mr. Palmer started this morning early on a trip by rail to the mountains, and have just returned after a day's absence. I am glad for I dropped the key to my trunk into the fire, and he has the other. I never saw any trunk that has had such misfortune with it's keys- it has twice been sent to the makers to have missing keys replaced and this is it's first journey too. O Mr. Keafe this morning presented me with a card on which he had designed and painted a gold bell, suspended on top of the letter " ", the name Mabel on the bridge the letter G forming the end of the stroke of the bell, the whole bound together by telegraph wires. I would send it to you, 3 but fear to hurt it, it is perfectly exquisite, and only a square inch in size.

I must say good bye now and wash my hands for our six o'clock dinner. We remain here until Wednesday visiting Manitou and Colorado Springs and then go to a place with unspellable name, thence to Kansas City and reach New York probably Saturday night.

With much love, Ever yours. Do please thank your Mother for the card I want to write but can't very well travelling, and when we stop I take all my leisure in writing to you.